

Cold Water Fountain.

AND GARDINER NEWS-LETTER.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Temperance, Industry, General News of the Day, Selected Tales, Agriculture, Poetry, &c.

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POPULAR TALES.

Above, below, in ocean, air and sky.
Thy fairy words, IMAGINATION, lie.

[From Smith's Herald and Gazette.] THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Care and peril, instead of joy,
Guilt and dread, may be thine, rash boy,
Lo! thy meaning cup of life
Foameth with sorrow, and madness, and strife."

It is well! I discern a tear on thy cheek.
It is well! Thou art humbled, and silent and weak,
Now courage, again! and with peril to cope
Gird thee with vigor, and arm thee with hope.
—[MARTIN F. TUPPER.]

A group of villagers surrounded an open grave. A woman holding two young children by the hand, was bowed down with grief.—There seemed to be no other immediate mourners. But many an eye turned on them with sympathy, and more than one glistened with tears.

In a small rural community, every death is felt as a solemn thing, and, in some measure, a general loss. The circumstances that attended it, are inquired into, and remembered, while in cities, the frequent hearse scarce gains a glance or a thought from the passing throng.

On this occasion it was distinctly known that Mr. Jones, the carpenter of the village, who was that day buried, had led a reproachful life, and that his death by sudden disease, in the prime of his days, would be an unspeakable loss to his wife and little ones.—Pitying kindness strove in the hearts of these honest people, and whatever service their means allowed was promptly rendered. It was the earnest desire of the widow to keep, if possible, the cottage where they had resided since their marriage, and which was more dear from having been built by the hands of her husband. They respected her diligence and prudence, and at their seasons of fruit-gatherings and harvests she was not forgotten. But as her health, which had been worn down by watching and sorrow, returned, her energies also quickened to labor, that she might bring up her children without the aid of charity; and her efforts were prospered.

In the course of a few years it was thought advisable for her daughter, who was ingenious with the needle, to go to a neighboring town and obtain instruction in the trade of a dress maker. Richard, who was two years younger, remained with his mother, attending in winter the village school, and at other periods of the year finding occasional employment among the farmers in the vicinity. It was observed by all how much the widow's heart was bound up in him, and how she was always devising means for his improvement and happiness.

But as Richard grew older, he liked the society of idle boys, and it was feared did not fully appreciate or repay her affection. He was known to be addicted to his own way, and had been heard to express contempt for the authority of women. There were rumors of his having frequented places where liquor was sold; yet none imagined the disobedience and disrespect which that lonely cottage witnessed; for the mother complained only to God, in the low sigh of prayer. She was not able to break his intimacy with evil associates, and ere he reached his eighteenth year, had too much reason to believe him a partaker in her vices. It was supposed she was unacquainted with his conduct, because she spoke not of it to others, and continued to treat him with tenderness. But deep love, though sometimes willing to appear blind, is quick-sighted to the faults of its object. It may keep silence, but the glance of discovery, and the thrill of torture, are alike electric.

The widowed mother had hoped much from the return of her daughter, and the aid of her young, cheerful spirit, in rendering their home attractive. Her arrival, in full possession of her trade, and with the approbation of her employers, gave to her lone heart a joy long untasted.

Margaret was an active, and loving girl; graceful in her person, and faithful to every duty. Her industry provided new comforts for the cottage—while her innocent gaiety enlivened it. The widowed mother earnestly besought her assistance, in saving their endangered home from the perils that surrounded him; and her sisterly love poured itself upon his heart, in a full warm flood. It would seem that he had caught the enthusiasm of her example, for he returned with more of diligence to his former labors, while his intervals of leisure he spent at home. When his mother

saw him seated by their pleasant little hearth, sometimes reading to Margaret, while she plied her needle, or occasionally winding her silks and arranging the spools in her work-table—their young voices mingling in song or laughter, she felt how powerful was the influence of a good sister, and lifted up her soul to the Rock of their salvation. Somewhat more of filial respect and obedience she might have deserved, but was content that her own claims should be overlooked, might he only be rescued.

Months fled, and her pallid cheek already resumed the tinge of a long forgotten happiness.

One day, when the spring made the earth beautiful, on suddenly entering Margaret's little chamber, she surprised her in a passion of tears.

"My daughter! My dear child!"
"Oh, mother, I wish you had not come."
"Tell me, are you sick?"
"Oh no, not sick; only my heart is broken."
"Can you not trust me with your troubles?"
Long and bursting sobs followed, with stifled attempts at utterance.

"Mother, we have been so long happy, I cannot bear to destroy it all. Richard, my poor brother—"

"Speak! What has he done?"
Hiding her face in her mother's bosom, she said, in broken tones:

"You ought to know—I must tell you,—It cannot be concealed, that he often comes home late, and disguised with liquor. I tried to shut out the truth from myself. Then I tried to hide it from others. But it is all in vain."
"Alas! I thought he was changed, that your hand had changed him. Tell me what have you discovered?"

"I would fain spare you. But I have seen enough for weeks past, to destroy my peace. Last night you retired before he came home. He entered with a reeling step, and coarse, hateful words, I strove to get him into his bed lest he might disturb you. But he withstood me. His fair, blue eyes were like balls of fire, and he cursed me till I fled from him."

The mother clasped her closer to her heart and bathed her brow with tears.

"Look to Him, my child, who ordereth all our trials. Night after night have I spent in prayer for the poor, sinful boy."

"Oh! then you have known it long. Mother, you have been too indulgent. You should warn him, and give him no rest, until he repent and forsake his wickedness."

"All that was in my power to do, has been done. I have not spared him. But he revolted. He despised my woman's voice, my mother's love. I forbode to distress your young heart with all that I might have revealed. I feared to damp the efforts on which my hopes were built. I told you freely of his danger from evil associates, but relied on the power of your love too much, too fondly.—Yet, you have been an angel to him and to me."

"Mother, I will myself rebuke him. I will speak for you and for God."

"Margaret, may I give you wisdom.—Should his mind not be in a right state, your words will be hurled back upon your own head. Sometimes I have poured out my whole soul in reproof to him. Then, again I have refrained, to save him from the sin of cursing his mother. Yet speak to him, Margaret if you will. May God give power to your words. Still, I cannot but fear lest you take a wrong time, when he be inflamed by intemperance."

"Be at peace in this, dearest mother I will not touch a subject but at a fitting time."

The mournful widow had little hope from the intended appeal of her daughter. Indeed, she inwardly shrank from it, for she knew the temper of her son. Yet she humbled herself to go to the venter of strong liquors, and beseech him to withhold it from him, in the name of the widow's God. Margaret dropped in secret, but spoke cheerfully to her brother, with a cloudless brow. One day he had aided her in some slight operation in the garden, with unwonted kindness. She fancied she saw in his eye the reviving spirit of better days.—Throwing her arms around his neck, she said:

"Brother Richard, you can be so good. How I wish it were always thus."

"Always to be working under your orders, I suppose. No doubt that would be quite pleasing. All you women like to rule when you can."

"Not to rule, but to see those we love rule themselves."

"Is that what you say to Will Palmer, when he sits here so long, watching you like a cat, and looking as wise as an owl? If you should chance to marry him, you'll tell him another tale, and try always to rule him yourself.—Now, Miss Mag Jones, tell the whole truth, why is that same Deacon, that is to be, here forever?"

"I will not hide anything from you, dear Richard, who has known my thoughts from

my cradle. We shall probably be married next autumn, and then—"

"And then what?"
"Oh, brother, then I hope you will do all in your power to comfort mother, when I shall not be here."

"Not be here! Do you expect to move to Oregon, or sit on the top of the Andes, with this remarkable sweetheart of yours?"

"We shall not leave the village. But when I have a new home and other duties, I hope you will be daughter and son both to our poor mother. Remember how hard she has worked to bring us up, how she has watched in sickness, and prayed for us at all times. Her only earthly hope is in us, especially in you, her son."

"Margaret, what are you driving at, with all this grand preface?"

"Oh, Richard! forsake those evil associates who are leading you to ruin. Break off the habit of drinking, that debases and destroys you. For the sake of our father's unblemished memory, for the sake of the sister who loves you as her own soul."

"For the sake of what else? of Bill Palmer, I suppose. Is there never to be an end to these women's tongues? Just so it has been this three years—preach! preach! preach! till I have prayed for deafness. No rest have I had, for Mrs. Jones' everlasting sermons, and now you must needs come to her aid, like a chattering magpie."

The young girl heeded not that his eyes flashed, or that the veins of his neck were swollen and sanguine. Throwing off the timidity of her nature, with high and solemn emphasis, as one inspired.

"If you have no pity on the mother who bore you, no tender memory of the father who laid his hands on your head when they were cold in death, no regard for an honest, honorable reputation, at least have some pity on your own undying soul, some fear of the bar of judgment, of the worm that never dies, and seek mercy, while there is hope, and repent, that you may be forgiven."

"I tell you what, I'll not hear this from you. I know something to make fine sounding speeches of, myself. Your mother has been slandering me, prohibiting the traffic in liquors, as I understand. For aught I know, her eloquent daughter was her spokesman.—Most wise woman! as if there was but one place in this round world where it may be bought. Hypocrites, both of you! making boast of your love, and publishing evil against me. Look out, how you drive a man to desperation. If you see my face no more, thank yourselves."

And with a hoarse imprecation he threw himself over the garden fence and disappeared. That night there was agonizing grief in the cottage, tears and listening for the steps that came not. There were days of vain search and harrowing anxiety, closed by sleepless watchings. Alas! for the poor mother's heart! What had the boy been led to do! What!—Had not his sister been too severe? Would that her reproaches had been less sore to his heart, or that she had taken a better time, when he might have been more patient. Thus travailed the yearning heart of his mother, with the old, blind Eden policy, *vain excuse*.

Again, another tide of struggling emotion. Would he but come even as he had so often done, with unequal steps, and muttered threatening. Would he only come that the love which had nursed his innocent infancy, might once more look upon his face. Then sweet terrible thoughts over the mother's soul, images of reckless crime, and ghastly suicide. For she said, the burden of the child is already greater than she can bear.

Yet he who was the cause of all this agony, hastened night and day from the place of his birth toward the sea-coast, boiling with passion. He conceived himself to have been utterly disgraced by the prohibition of his mother to the seller of liquors, not feeling that the disgrace was in the sin that made such prohibitions necessary. He counted those who most loved him, as conspirators against his peace. For vice, to its other distortions of soul, adds the insanity of mistaking the best friends for enemies.

Full of vengeful purposes, and knowing that his mother had long dreaded lest he should choose the life of a sailor, he hurried to a seaport, and shipped on a whaling voyage. As the vessel was to sail immediately, and be absent more than three years, he entered under a feigned name, and it gave him pleasure that he should thus baffle pursuit or discovery.

"Let them trace me if they can," said he, "and when I get back, I'll sail again without seeing them. They may preach now as long as they please, but I'll be out of their hearing."

Thus in the madness of a sinful heart he threw himself upon the great deep, without thought of kindness toward man, or a prayer to God. Yet he was ill prepared for the hardships he had chosen, the coarse fare, the iron sway, the long watch and the slippery shroud.

The daily allowance of strong drink, was his principal resource, when at first, the sea-sickness seized him, and afterwards, when his sea sins sank him still lower in brutality. Low language, bad songs, and frequent broils, were entertainments in the fore-castle, while the toilsome duties of a raw sailor before the mast, were embittered by the caprices of the Captain, himself a votary of Intemperance. A stronger shadowing forth of the intercourse of condemned spirits could scarcely be given, than the fierce crew of that rude vessel exhibited, shut out for years from all humanizing holy influences. Yet strange to say, the recreant who had abused the indulgence of home, and the supplications of love, derived some benefit where it could least have been anticipated.—Indolence was exchanged for regular employment, and he learned the new and hard lesson of submission to authority; and whatever lawless spirit is forced to industry by the subjugation of its will, it must in some degree be a gainer. So with the inconsistency of our fallen natures, the soul that had spurned the sunbeam, and hardened under the shower, was arrested by the thunder-bolt, and made wise by the lightning.

Accident and ill-fortune protracted their voyage several months beyond its intended limits. While pursuing a homeward course, some seasons of serious reflection, when not under the sway of intemperance, came over Richard Jones. For he was not utterly hardened, and prayers continually rose up from his forsaken home, that if yet in the land of the living, he might repent and find hope. Conscience, at times, wrought powerfully, so that he dreaded to be alone, or turned as a refuge to the wild revelry of comrades whom he hated.

Once, as he paced the deck in his midnight watch, while the vessel went rushing onward through the deep, dark sea, solemn thoughts settled heavily around him. Here and there a star looked down upon him with watchful and reproving eye. He felt alone, in the presence of some mighty and mysterious Being. Early memories returned; the lessons of the Sabbath school, the plaintive toll of the church bell—the voice of his mother, as seated on her knees she taught him of that dear Savior, who took the children to his breast, and blessed them. A few drops of rain fell from a passing cloud upon his head. In the excitement of the reverie, he gasped,

"These are her tears! Yes! just so they fell on my forehead, when she used to beseech me to forsake the foolish, and live, and go in the way of understanding."

He leaned over the vessel's side. The rain drops ceased, and the phosphorence of the waters was like a great lake of fire. The billows rose, tossing their white crests for a moment, and then sank in the burning flood.—He watched them till his brain grew dizzy. Presently, a single moonbeam shot through the cleft of the cloud. As it glimmered over the surge, he thought a face loomed up and gazed on him—a fair young face paler than marble. A hand stretched itself out, arms seemed to bend in an embracing clasp, a floating death-shroud to enfold the whole, and all was lost forever.

"Oh, Margaret! Oh! my sister!" he exclaimed. "Just as she looked when she abjured me in the name of God, to have pity on my poor mother and my own soul!"

As if he had witnessed the funeral obsequies he wept in remorseless grief. His watch closed. In horror of spirit, he returned, but not to sleep. Even the hardened men who surrounded him, forbore to jeer, when they heard him moaning in anguish.

"Oh, Margaret! Oh, my sister!"

These strong and serious impressions scarcely were away during the brief remainder of his voyage. When he saw, in dim outline the hills of his country gleaming among the clouds, a new joy took possession of his soul. And when his foot rested again upon solid earth, and he received his wages, his first thought was to hasten and share them with those whom he had so recklessly forsaken.

"Will you come to my house?" said a man upon the wharf, near him. "Good accommodations sir, for sailor gentlemen; everything first cut, and first cost."

"Where is your house?"

"Near by. Here, boy, take this fine young man's chest along. I'll show you the way, sir. The favorite boarding house for all jolly noble-spirited tars."

It was evident that he was now in the power of the land shark. Alas! for all his hopes, the struggles of conscience, the rekindling of right affections, Temptations, and the force of habit, were too strong for him. Almost continually intoxicated, his hard earnings vanished, he knew not how or where. It was not long before the rapacious landlord pronounced him in debt, and produced claims which he was unable to meet. His chest with its contents was seized, and he miserably clad, turned into the streets by his sordid betrayer.

As the fumes of the prolonged inebriety

subsided, horrid images surrounded him.—Smothered resolutions, and pampered vices, sprang from the seething caldron of his brain, frowning and gibbering like ghostly tormentors. Monstrous creatures grinned and beckoned, and when he would have fled, cold, slimy serpents seemed to coil around and fetter his trembling limbs.

Still, with returning reason, came a deeper misery. He desired to die but death fled from him. Covering his face with his hands, he sat on the ground, in the damp, chilly air of evening, he meditated different forms of suicide. He would fain have plunged into the sea, but his tottering limbs failed him. Searching for his knife, the only moveable that remained to him, he examined its blunted edge and loosened blade, doubtful of their efficiency.

While thus engaged by the dim light of a street lamp, groans, as if from a death pang heaved his breast. Half believing himself already a dweller with condemned spirits, he started at the sound of a human voice.

"Thee art in sore trouble, I think."

The eyes, once so clear in days of innocence, opening wide and wild, glared with amazement on the calm, compassionate brow of a middle aged man in the garb of a Quaker. The knife fell from his quivering hand, and sounded on the pavement, but there was no answer.

"Thee art in great trouble, friend?"

"Friend! friend! Who calls me friend? I have no friends, but the tormentors to whom I am going."

"Hast thou no wife or children?"

"No, no, God be thanked—no wife, nor children. I tell you there are no friends left, but black fiends who have come for me. No home but their eternal fires. Shoals of them were here, just now. Ready, ay, ready? and he laughed a demonic laugh.

"Poor, poor youth! I see thee art a sailor."

"I was once. What I am now, I know not. I wish to be nothing. Leave me to myself, and to those who are howling around me.—Here! here! I come," and he groped aimlessly for his lost knife. The heart of the philanthropist yearned over him as over an erring brother. The spirit of the master who came to seek and to save the lost, moved within him.

"Alas, poor victim. How many have fallen like thee before the 'strong man armed.' Sick art thou at the very soul. I will give thee shelter for the night. Come with me to my home."

"Home! home!" shrieked the inebriate, as if he understood him not. And while the benevolent man, taking his arm, staid his uncertain footsteps, he still repeated, in tones more humanized than tender,

"Home! your home! what, me, a sinner? until a burst of unwonted tears relieved the fires within. And as the blessed man led him to his own house and laid him upon a good bed, speaking words of comfort, heard he not from above, deep, indescribable melody, I was sick, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

With reviving day, the sinful man revived, humbled in heart, and sad. Subdued by suffering, and softened by kindness that he felt to be wholly unmerited, he poured out a fervent prayer for divine aid in the great reformation. He was glad to avail himself without delay, of the proposal of his benefactor, to enter on service in a temperance ship, ready to sail immediately for the East Indies.

"I am acquainted with the Captain," said the good man, "and can induce him to take thee. I am also interested in the vessel, and in the results of her voyage. A relative of mine goes out as supercargo, and both will be thy friends, if thou art true to thyself. Yet, intemperance bringeth sore sickness to thy soul, as well as to the body. Wherefore pray for healing, and strive for penitence, and angels who rejoice over the returning sinner, will give thee aid."

Self-abasement and gratitude to his preserver, like an overwhelming flood, choked his utterance.

"All men have sinned, my son, though not in the same way. But there is mercy for every one that sorroweth and forsaketh the evil. God hath given me the great happiness to help some who had fallen as low as thee. Thank Him therefore and not the poor armor of flesh. May he give thee strength to stand firm on the rock of salvation."

Broken words, mingled with tears, struggled vainly to express the emotions of the departing sailor. His benefactor once more shaking him by the hand, bade him farewell.

"Peace be with thee on the great waters, and remember to strive and pray."

A new world seemed to open upon the rescued one. Of the quietness and order that pervaded a temperance ship, he had no anticipation. There were neither quarrels nor profanity among the crew, nor arrogance and capricious punishment on the part of those in

power. Cheerful obedience and equitable authority prevailed, as in a well regulated family. He was both surprised and delighted to find his welfare an object of interest with the officers of the ship, to receive kind counsel from them, and to be permitted to employ his brief intervals of leisure, with well chosen volumes of a seamen's library.

Still it was not with him as if he had never sinned. Not all at once, could he respire freely in a pure atmosphere. Physical exhaustion, from the withdrawal of stimulants, to which he had been long accustomed, sometimes caused much deep despondence, that life itself seemed a burden.

Cherished vice brings also a degree of moral obliquity. Every permitted sin lifts a barrier between the clear shining of God's countenance, and the cold and frail human heart. Perverted trains of thought, and polluted remembrance still lingering with him, and feelings long debased, did not readily acquire an upward tendency. Yet the parting admonition of his benefactor, to *strive and pray*, ever sounded in his ears, and became the motto of his soul. By little and little, through faithful obedience, he obtained the victory. His improvement was noticed by others, before he dared to congratulate himself, for humility had strangely become a part of his character, he who once defied all laws, human or divine.—His countenance began to resume the ingenious expression of early years, and the eyes so long fiery or downcast began to look up with the clearness of hope.

"Blessings on the temperance ship!" he often ejaculated, as he paced the deck of his nightly watch, and eternal blessings on the holy man, who snatched me from the lowest hell."

At his arrival in a foreign port, he was watchful to avoid every temptation. His friend the supercargo, took him under his special charge, and finding him much better educated than is usual for sailors, gave him employment of a higher nature, which was both steady and lucrative. His expenses were regulated with extreme economy, that he might lay up more liberally for those dear ones at home, whose images became more and more vivid, as his heart threw off the debasing dominion of intemperance and its hosts of evils.

(Concluded next week.)

The Boy and Man.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed well in his business and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he had graduated, he studied law.—And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, he almost immediately gained celebrity. One or two cases of great importance being intrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his schoolboy days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other young men were wasting their time; he adopted for his motto, '*Ultra pergere*,' (*Press onward*),—and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day, at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of mis-spent boyhood.

Subscribers and cash wanted at this office.

From Correspondents.

In what I write let Truth be my guide—Clearness and
Brevity my aim.

Saco, August 20, 1847.

To the Editor of the *Fountain*.—Presuming that a few facts, in regard to matters and things in this thriving village, would be of interest to the readers of your paper, I have been induced to commit to paper the result of my observations and place them at your disposal.

Saco, as you well know, is situated on the river by that name, about 3 miles from the ocean. The *Saco* is a beautiful river. It has its rise in the White Mountains, about 60 miles north-west from this place. It is deep and rapid in its progress, flowing on with hardly an interruption, until it arrives here, when it divides, and flowing in opposite directions for some distance, experiences a fall of 30 feet.—Below the fall, the mad waters again unite; thus forming a beautiful island of several acres in extent. On this island—known as Factory Island—are situated the celebrated York Mills. The water power here is about equal to two-thirds that of Lowell; and the stream is more reliable than the former, as it is not so quickly affected by long continued dry weather. The York Manufacturing Company as before stated, have their mills on this island. The establishment covers about seven acres. Capital \$1,500,000. In these mills about 1200 operatives find constant employment in manufacturing cotton goods, ticking, pantalon stuffs, &c.

\$70,000 worth of indigo is used per annum. 775 looms and 25,000 spindles are run. The other establishments are situated in Biddeford, a town rapidly increasing in trade and population, and connected with Saco, by several bridges.

The Water Power Company, with a capital of \$1,500,000 is here erecting buildings and putting up machinery, for the purpose of manufacturing staple cotton goods.

The Laconia Company with a capital of \$1,500,000 has two mills erected here and others in progress, for the purpose of manufacturing jeans, and 300 looms. 12,000 spindles are in operation in one mill, and when the whole is completed, 50,000 spindles will be put in operation.

The Pepperell Manufacturing Company has recently been chartered, with a capital of \$1,000,000. Most of these improvements owe their conception and completion, to the foresight and energy of Boston capitalists, who are the principal owners in the mills. Not much can be said in regard to the beauty of either place. Many of the buildings are small, and of ancient date. The streets to a considerable extent, lack cleanliness and shade trees. Perhaps when the old real estate owners, are gathered to their fathers, the present generation will show their love for the beautiful by supplying this secondary, though important deficiency. I purpose to say a few words about the cause of temperance here.

Could I have the heart-cheering intelligence to communicate that King Bacchus had suffered annihilation, it would not be a thankless office to perform. But not so. His kingdom here is in a very flourishing condition, scores of willing subjects bow daily at his shrine, and pay him homage.

If my observations have been correct, I speak within proper bounds when I say that in no less than eight different places the damning liquor is vended. Most surely Mr. Editor, this is a startling fact. Much has been done here to advance this, the best of causes, but owing to the spasmodic character of the efforts that have been made, and the want of unity of action, on the part of friends of the cause, but little has been permanently accomplished.

Not only do sons pay homage to the king, but it is not infrequently the case that daughters are seen in the streets striving with ardent zeal to maintain their perpendicular. Mothers! look well to your daughters, for the destroyer is nearer than you may be aware.—Fathers! beware, lest your sons be decoyed into the path of that monster, whose feet take hold on hell.

One thing here has done more to retard the progress of the reform, than all others combined. I refer to the neutral ground assumed by the fathers of the town. This is much to be regretted, as their influence is emphatically against the cause. Could they but realize their duty to God and their fellow-men, they would soon cease to act upon neutral ground. In order to save the sinking cause great moral courage is requisite on the part of its friends, so as to enable them to face opposition, and not to cower at the feet of morbid public opinion.

There has existed for a long time a great deficiency in regard to public houses of such a character as to claim the patronage of the temperance public. But a new era has dawned. This deficiency has been most admirably supplied in the character of the THORNTON HOUSE, kept by Messrs. Coffin & Emery.—This large and spacious house has lately been erected in the most central part of the village, commanding a beautiful view of the town and surrounding country. It is elegantly furnished throughout; and the rooms are large and well ventilated.

Cold and warm baths are provided; and indeed, every convenience, which the travelling public could desire. No intoxicating liquors are sold in any shape at this House.—I trust that our eastern friends, when ever they visit S. will book their names at the Thornton House. But lest I shall weary your patience I will bring this letter to a close.

Yours, C.

Some men are wonderfully sensitive about their being stigmatized as rum-sellers, and will flare up the moment you hint to them that they are slyly dealing it out. And at the same time you may see by the kind of company that surrounds them, that the creature is there.—When you can see a company of men congregate together, with noses stuffed with toddy blossoms, you may be sure there is a sly trap door not far off—some subterranean pit, gaping to receive its victims. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, that some men who make great pretensions to high respectability, are engaged in this mean, unlawful business. For a few cents, they will brutalize their neighbor, and place themselves on a level with the outlaws,—and still these men will make great ado if any one else should break the laws of the land. They are great sticklers for the Constitution and Laws,—boast much of their patriotism and willingness to obey the voice of the people. Such men are mistaken in their own character, or they never would condescend to engage in such contemptible business; they never could behold without emotion their neighbors issuing from their underground pits of death, the mere idiotic visages of men. They have not taken life—no, no. They still breathe, but every

thing worth living for is gone, every kind feeling is destroyed, and nothing but the lion-like disposition left. This is the amount of patriotism these men possess, when a few dollars are to be sacrificed for the good of their country and the happiness of their fellow men.

Thomaston, August, 1847.

Cold Water Fountain.

Bro. S. B. WESTON, Editor.

An Independent Press—guided by honesty of purpose and principle—devoted to the support of morality and virtue, as the true element of national prosperity, and of individual and social happiness.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1847.

(For all communications and letters of business should be addressed (POST PAID) to H. W. JEWELL, Gardiner, Me.

Temperance Organizations.

There have been for a long period of years associations in existence for the avowed purpose of removing Intemperance, and they have wrought well and accomplished much. A mighty revolution has been achieved through their instrumentality.

Public sentiment and feeling has been greatly changed. And how salutary that change! Opinions and practices once fondly cherished, have, as light has been cast upon the subject, been forsaken, and a more healthy state of sentiment introduced. Once, Intemperance was looked upon without concern. Its ravages were viewed without apprehension; and men were sweeping down the dark river of death, in countless numbers, and in the sight of seemingly unmoved spectators. Men drank, and drank deeply. They sacrificed upon the altar of corrupt desire, character and property and health. But at the point of time when a funeral pall seemed suspended over the hopes and the prospects of man—when nothing but a drunkard's grave seemed opened, and multitudes were ready to sink into it, Providence in great mercy interfered. A spark was struck, as if by the hand of Omnipotence itself,—men began to think of their condition and prospects, to wonder at their wild infatuation, and seriously to ask if something should not be done to stop the tide of death, which, with resistless force, was bearing them away.

Between the early efforts to suppress Intemperance and those now employed, there is a wide difference. The means to this end, we find to have been shaped corresponding to the amount of light enjoyed. Like all the advances which mankind have made towards perfection, we discover in this department the same tendency to a gradual progress. The first step was characterized by an infantile weakness. When men began the war against Intemperance, they thought it necessary to assail but one branch of it. They thought they saw danger to lie only in the too free indulgence of ardent spirits, and the cry was raised against this form of evil only. Societies were formed, and men became pledged to abstain from ardent spirits. They were strong in their opposition to these, but wines and cider and beer were considered entirely innocent. It was deemed no wrong thing to indulge in what were then denominated milder drinks. With the progress of time, however, the popular sentiment changed. Men began to conclude, and very rationally too, that if the object to be attained was the abolition of drunkenness, then whatever caused drunkenness should be alike proscribed. If it were true that wines, &c., were from their very nature the cause of drunkenness, when used, then why should they not be forbidden in their use?—Another step was then taken, and the crowning glory of the Temperance enterprise, the Pledge of Total Abstinence, was introduced. But to bring men to see and acknowledge that in such a Pledge alone there was safety, was a hard work to accomplish. Men had imbibed a fondness for drink that seemed almost uncontrollable, and which would not yield without a violent struggle to what was evident truth. Time rolled on, and the fiery heart of opposition seemed softened. The glorious light of Heaven's own truth aided the work, and the prejudiced began to open their minds to conviction—the prospect of a bright Temperance millennium began to dawn.

Then came another advancing step in public sentiment. After the Total Abstinence Pledge had been adopted, it became a question who would sign it? Many contended that it would not be beneficial in its operations upon all classes of society. Those who were already bowed down with the incubus of drunkenness, who were chained by iron bands to that vice, would not be induced to sign it. And what, therefore, was the hope of such? Men of influence, men of eminence, who claimed to philanthropy and a large share of the milk of human kindness, gravely and with most sincere earnestness argued that the already drunkards were not to be reformed—that those only who were partially free from the vice, and the young and rising generations especially, were to consummate the work of driving from the earth the evil sought to be removed. This principle was acted upon; the inebriate was neglected; was regarded as an unfortunate and fated man; with his death alone was drunkenness to die out, and the heart of philanthropy began to wish that event. At this time the gradual progress of opinion of which we speak, introduced a new feature. It began to be felt that in the inebriate was the power to reform—that he was worth saving—that the removal of his vice would render him a good member of community, and would capacitate him to discharge as honorably as other men all the duties of life. It began to be felt and acknowledged that he had a soul worth saving; that although debased by sinful indulgence, there was yet somewhat of the godlike in him. And then it was asked, Why should he not be saved? And then a new phenomenon broke upon the vision of men. Society seemed moving in its every part—the fountains of Intemperance seemed breaking up—haunts of infamy appeared to be disgorge themselves, and their inmates coming forth to true liberty and life.

And then came the glorious Order of the Sons of Temperance—an organization pledged to the promotion of the cause of Temperance as its grand object, and eminently fitted by its methods of operation to secure the greatest blessings and benefits to that cause. From it the friends of Temperance expect much. They have not yet been disappointed in its operations, but have been induced to hail the Order as the grand instrument which is to drive Intemperance from the land and the world.

We have received a copy of a little work of 60 pages from the publisher at New York, entitled "Songs of the Washingtonians, composed and compiled by Mrs. V. A. R." A fine thing for use at our Temperance meetings.

Legal Measures with the Rumseller.

The value of moral means in promoting the temperance reform cannot be over estimated. They should always be employed in preference to any other, when they can produce the desired result.—But do they ever fail? Sorry are we to record the fact, but they sometimes do fail. They are sometimes powerless.

In order that moral means may produce their legitimate results there must be in the individual upon whom they are brought to bear, some measure of appreciation of their true character and value. There must be some regard for justice and truth. Yet we find that mankind can become so blinded by self-interest and passion, so benumbed in their moral faculties and sensibilities, so engrossed by sordid and sensual objects and pursuits, as that they cannot, else will not listen to the demands of truth and right. For the truth of this remark we will refer to the case of the inveterate rumseller,—the great antagonist of temperance at this day, a grand cause of the mischief which is now cursing community, and sapping the foundations of its peace and prosperity. The influences which are about him constantly, render him callous to all the appeals of reason and humanity. His burning thirst for gold—his devotion to Mammon, the God he worships—his complete encasement in selfish pursuits and desires, are complete barriers to the entrance of truth into his soul. He sees no beauty but in gold, he delights in nothing but the music of his coffers. Cold and hard-hearted, grasping and avaricious—the fattener upon the spoils of earth's children, the despoiler of the hopes of multitudes, he has become completely calloused and all tender appeal seems to reach him in vain. Go to him and tell him of the consequences of his conduct, urge him to desist from his evil course, and you most frequently meet with insult in return.

Whenever an individual arrives at such a point as that he denies the claims of humanity upon him, when he becomes beyond the reach of moral influences, he has arrived at a fearful pass. But what is to be done? Shall community suffer from such an one, because of his disregard of the claims of God and his fellow-men upon him? Common sense says no! but let some other power seize upon him, and compel him to do what moral means will not incline him to do.

Temperance Statistics.

We have in another article referred to the changes in the manner of the temperance operations. We will now present some few statistics showing the organizations which have been established with the date of their establishment.

The earliest of our temperance associations claims to have been originated about the year 1800, the second in 1803.

The 13th of February 1813, a society was formed at Boston called the Massachusetts Society for the suppression of intemperance.

The Virginia State Temperance Society was organized in November 1825, all the States North of her having previously established societies.

The American Temperance Society was organized at Boston, February 18th, 1826.

The New York State Temperance Society was formed March 9th, 1829.

The New York State Temperance Society was formed April 2, 1829.

In 1831, a Temperance Society of some note was formed at West Point, N. Y.

On the 26th of February, 1833, a Congressional Temperance Society was formed in Washington.

The American Temperance Union was formed in New York in 1833.

In the years 1833 and 1834 the principal of Total Abstinence was generally adopted in the U. States.

The Marine Temperance Society was formed in 1837 in New York city, and also the Marine Temperance Union.

In 1839 the London New Foreign and British Temperance Society adopted the American Total Abstinence Pledge.

On the 10th of September 1839, the great Temperance Reformation commenced in Ireland.

On the 2d of April 1840, commenced at Baltimore the great Washingtonian Reform.

"Six persons, all men of character, but very intemperate, met at Chase's Tavern, Liberty street, Baltimore, by accident, each having been induced by the demand of his appetite, to resort thither.—They got into a conversation about a Temperance sermon to be preached that evening, and agreed that four of their number should go and hear it and report to the rest. They returned pleased—and one of them remarked that, after all, Temperance was a very good thing. The landlord immediately began to rail out against Temperance lecturers, &c.; whereupon one of the six, observed, "Of course, it is for your interest to cry them down, at any rate." This brought on a discussion, which terminated in the formation of a society by the six, called the Washington Society, and on the total abstinence principle. These men travelled and lectured and won hundreds from the drunkard's way. The Washingtonians are now numerous, not only in Baltimore, but throughout the country."

After this, on the 29th of September, 1842, the Order of the Sons of Temperance was instituted, the most efficient agency at present employed in the Temperance field.

Another Pill for the Free American.

The Journal states that of the whole number of signers of the petition for the repeal of the license law, from the town of Falmouth, only sixteen were citizens of that town!

A Mr. H. V. Bartol, of Portland, whose name appears on the petition, publishes a card in which he says he never signed it! Also, a Mr. G. W. Woodward, of that city, stands in the same predicament. Also, Mr. C. Sawyer and Dan'l Knight, of the same state, that they never signed the petition,—yet their names are upon it.

Thicker and faster comes the exposition of the hypocrisy of these rum petitioners.

Talk and Action.

What is wanted at the present time in the temperance cause, is action—vigorous, constant, united action on the part of all its friends. Talk is good in its place—it must be had—but there is great danger in getting too much of it. After we have conceived our plans, and discussed them well, then let a spirited enforcement of them follow. This is what tells—this is what is effectual—this is what our opponents fear. The rumseller cares not a whit for the talk of Temperance people—it does not affect him at all—he can prosecute his business while they are talking. But what he fears is the action of temperance men will injure him.—Let us, then, have less talk and more action.

The Elections.

Are near, and we hope that the friends of Temperance will remember their duty to the cause. Remember that at the ballot-box the interests of Temperance are to be consulted. No man who professes to be a consistent Temperance man can with impunity lay aside his duty in this respect, and cast upon the altar of political party the welfare of that cause which is paramount to all other causes. Shame upon the man who when the issue comes—when the one is required to be sacrificed, basely throws away his Temperance principles and cleaves to his political idols. When one is to be sacrificed, there should be no question in the minds of any one, as to whether it should be Temperance or politics. There is, we are aware, much inconsistency among the friends of Temperance in this matter. Too many prove treacherous to their solemn obligations, and forget what they owe to the cause of all mankind. Temperance and politics ought to be identified together. A man who will be Temperance everywhere but at the polls is no Temperance man at all. We would not give a fig for a man's Temperance principles, unless, in the face and eyes of aspiring politicians, he can deposit his vote for a consistent and thorough-going Temperance man. Many object to these doctrines, believing that they tend to making Temperance a political machine to accomplish some selfish purposes. Be it so. The doctrine of a connection between Temperance and politics has got to be recognized ere the cause can triumph. The ballot-box has got to be recognized as an important agency in its advancement. Let none but Temperance men be elected to office, and there can be no danger.

The Inebriate.

It has been said to the friends of the law, that their crusade against the rumseller has diverted their attention from that high and noble work, the restoration of the unfortunate drunkard from the habit of intemperance. This may in some respects be true, so far as any systematized and visible efforts are made to this end. Now no friend of the law can be at all justified in a cessation of effort in behalf of the inebriate. Seek as urgently as he may the destruction of the liquor traffic, yet he must not forget the victim. While we contend that no man can labor to suppress the traffic without benefiting the inebriate, yet we would urge the necessity of some direct exertions to this end. Let the friends of temperance seek to reclaim the erring and the lost ones, and bring them into the temperance ranks. Let our temperance organizations be revived—let our old Washingtonian societies be brought out from their long slumber—let our Sons of Temperance go to work and get as many of the victims of appetite as possible into their fold—yes, let all the friends of the cause operate together this glorious work. But let us guard well our efforts—let not the artifice and craftiness of the great adversary prevail in breaking in to our ranks, after they have been filled up by reformed men, but let them be watched narrowly, and as often as they take a step from the fold, let the alarm be sounded, and let the depredator be brought to justice. There is a perfect union of effort which ought to be attained, and which can be attained. There are measures which should be employed by all the friends of temperance both for the reformation of the inebriate and the removal of the causes of his downfall. Both these can exist in perfect harmony together.

Found Out.

A correspondent of the Washingtonian Journal states that a shop in Vassalboro', that had recently been replenished with merchandise, suddenly awakened the curiosity of the villagers to learn the process by which sober people, seen to enter the store, were found soon after in a condition qualifying them for admission into a lunatic asylum. On examination, a barrel was discovered with one end placed against the store, marked *spirits of turpentine*! Having witnessed the application of this article to dogs and horses, the effect of which differed essentially from that produced on those who visited the store, curiosity was raised to such a pitch that some wag, bent on silencing all doubts on the subject, bored a large hole through the building into the head of the cask—when lo, instead of turpentine, out gushed a stream of gin, tainting the very atmosphere of the neighborhood. No wonder the critter was anxious to escape from a locality where the owner was ashamed to have his goods known by their proper names—the *waters of death*!

What Rum Does.

Our blood almost curdles in our veins, at the perusal of an account which we find in our exchanges of the fruits of rum-drinking and selling, as recently exhibited in the town of Lancaster, Penn. Read it, ye who are fond of your glass—read it, ye who sympathize in any way with the infamous traffic—read it, ye exclusive moral sensationists, who are opposed to the use of the law upon those who create the misery and death which the account narrates, and say whether strong and forcible measures are not justifiable in removing the liquor traffic—read it one and all, and become more than ever, the inveterate foes to rum-selling:

"MORAL STATION.—We refer to the murder for which Jno. Haggerty was executed a few weeks ago at Lancaster, for the purpose of making a few comments. He was a native of Ireland, 20 years a resident of this country. He resided next door to a house in which lived an old man named Melchor Fordney, a woman named Catharine Tripple, and Isabella Fordney, daughter of the man. He was in the practice of drinking freely, and on the morning of the 17th of October, while under the influence of liquor, he entered Fordney's house, and requested the latter to shoot his old horse; but Fordney declined. He then returned to his own house, got a gun and axe, shot his horse, and again entered Fordney's.

The woman begged him to give her the gun;—he did so; he stepped back a few steps and took his axe from where he had placed it, near the window, and with it struck the old man; the latter was standing either under the door or inside of it at the time; seeing the impending blow, he made a slight backward movement, as the blow was received; the woman and Fordney's child Isabella ran to the back door; after despatching the old man, the murderer struck down Catharine and the child with the axe; the woman was killed instantly, but the child, although insensible, was found to be still living; she was about six years old, and through the skill in the use of the axe, Kerfoot her life was saved, and notwithstanding the extent of her injuries, her medical attendants now are impressed with the belief that she will recover from them.

The physicians who were called upon stated that they proceeded to Fordney's shop, which was six or eight feet wide, containing a work-bench, stove, and various tools of gun-making; the murdered man and woman were lying on the floor covered in part with blood and brain; the wall behind the door was stained, as if a sudden effusion of blood had been sent with a circular force; brains dashed against the washboard and floor; a large portion of brains lay upon the stove; a gun lay obliquely

and partially under both; the body of Fordney was nearest to the door, so as to prevent it from being opened to the full extent; he lay across the shop; his limbs were unnaturally drawn up, as in a broken mass; skull and limbs evidently fractured.

The body of Catharine Tripple lay longitudinally with the shop, she had fallen upon her face; her feet and ankles were dislocated, and her head lay upon the floor. The child had a rough incised wound, about four inches long, on the top of the head, about a tea-spoonful of brain resting upon the outside; it was also wounded in the right knee, and bruised about the left ear and stomach.

On the afternoon, and on the day succeeding the tragedy, he stated, when asked how he came to commit the deed, that he thought the day of judgment had arrived; that all the night before his head had been fighting with the saints and when he lay down in his bed, he could see a horse looking in at the window, challenging him, and when he saw a ball of fire fall from the heavens, and break at his feet; that he thought his horse was the Dragon, or Anti-Christ; that he heard a voice telling him he must kill Fordney, or be killed by him; that there was war in Heaven, and many hundreds had been killed; the old world had passed away, and that we were now in the first year of the new creation.

The gun which Haggerty used to kill the beast was not loaded with leaden shot, but with sil-ver and arsenic. These were produced and identified as having been found in the horse upon dissection, from which it was argued that the prisoner's mind was disturbed by those superstitious notions which so extensively prevail in many parts of the old country."

Worth Reading.

The remarks which follow are from a Temperance Prize Essay, on the "Present Position and claims of the Temperance Enterprise, by J. Henry Clark, M. D. of New Jersey." We commend them to the perusal of every reader:—

"Do not preach temperance and pocket the rent of a grog-shop. Do nothing that shall look like violating your principles. The cause is often why survive in the house of its friends."

If abroad, carry your principles with you. If in society where they are unpopular, fear not a saucer; for often there lurks beneath the sarcasm a half conviction where there is not the moral courage to disclose. Join heartily with all who are teetotalers, whatever their creed, or to whatever department of the enterprise connected. Pride, prejudice, lack of moral courage, interest and caprice are to be encountered; but temperance principles will surely prevail.

It often requires enlarged philanthropy or considerable piety to induce one to forego the gratification of a desire for the good of others, but such is the duty of every man. Do not say you will not labor for the world's renovation with those who do not sympathize with you on any moral subject. The platform is broad; the Christian, the moralist, the philanthropist, and the man of the world can meet here and labor together. It is refreshing to find one moral cause, in the advancement of which all may co-operate. The motive of the two may be widely different, but while one seeks to make the world moral, the other is helping to christianize it through the influence of the temperance efforts.

Join the cause while it requires some moral courage to do so. It will soon be little credit to you to enter its ranks. How will your cheeks crimson, as your grand children shall gather about you, and ask you the history of this reformation, if obliged to tell them it went on without you—that you withheld from it your co-operation.

Is my reader who ministers in holy things? I would respectfully beg to suggest that your responsibility is great if you refuse to enlist in the cause. Your position places you as the leader of moral and religious enterprises, and your course will influence many minds. The cause has been much staid, and is now impeded, for the want of the hearty co-operation of a few of our clergymen; and because the pulpits of some of the best friends of the cause has been too long silent. Unless sustained at the altar of God, I have no hope for the perpetuity of this institution, or the continued blessing of the Almighty upon its efforts. Here it began as a specific movement—here it belongs;—and from this source of every moral enterprise it may not be disconnected.

If a physician: our profession can next exert the greatest influence for good or evil in this cause. We owe the public large arrears of indebtedness for the evil done by the prescriptions of Godfrey's cordial, paracetic, and other spirituous preparations, whereby a taste for drink is formed in the child, and perpetuated in the adult.

If a Wife or Mother! I conjure you make the home of your husband and sons attractive, so that they will prefer it to every other place. A wife, by her cheerful and happy behavior; a sister by her winning persuasions, may accomplish more than the most elaborate address, or the most fervid appeal. Still remember there are wives, who, as they survey their household, see every star of night covered with a deep dark cloud. There are sisters who mourn over the lapse of a beloved brother, and the playmate of their youth, and the companion of their riper years. They need your sympathies and your aid.

If a Father holds in his hand this appeal; read to it, my brother, that you are setting an example which shall not cause you to suffer reproach, it some darling child learns to love the cup. As you survey the family group in which your affections are centered, may you be induced to assist in staying the ruin of many a promising household.

In conclusion, I conjure my reader to ask his conscience in view of his duty to his fellow-men, and of a final retribution; whether this subject has no claim upon his attention? Listen carefully to its promptings and obey its dictates."

Popular Education.

The following excellent article upon this subject is from the Philanthropist. It contains many important and essential truths. Its encomiums upon the system of Common Schools, their value and influence for good are just. Great, and oh, how great, is their influence on the character and destiny of a free people:

"Can any design more grand and attractive be conceived than the education of a whole people? Knowledge is an invaluable treasure, and it is no longer the exclusive possession of the few, but the wealth of many. The poor have minds as well as the rich; and under the favorable influence of our law and institutions, they are not denied the privilege of cultivating them. The people must be educated, is now the universal cry. Crime must be the windings and intricacies of society. Poverty, schools and seminaries are evils that must be cured by rich mines of thought and feeling in cities and towns, on the hills and in the valleys of New England; and the precious ore must be wrought and purified. Children all around are growing up to manhood and womanhood; and it is the general determination that they shall be fitted for the duties that will devolve upon them in their advanced life. They are trained to be lovers of science and literature, the supporters of a religion of liberty, holiness and love. There is nothing impracticable in the scheme of raising up a whole generation of en-Books are plenty and cheap—teachers are numerous and better fitted for their employment than they have been, and the school room is now open to all. The whole people may become intelligent."

The friends of the instruction of the common schools in their prosperity they must not interest themselves yet to be raised to elevated position, and society

will receive acquisitions of intelligence and virtue that will cause it to present to the beholder a different appearance from what it now does. Thought only requires to be aroused—the mind only needs to be started on the great highway of improvement, and it will then progress by means of its own choosing. And instead of making knowledge the property and possessions of the few, we would encourage those institutions which are so well calculated to educate the masses. District schools will destroy the existing monopoly that is made in learning, if suitable attention and labor are given to their improvement. None are prohibited their advantage and blessings; and they may in every instance lead so far up the hill of science, that by his own resolution, perseverance and such helps as fall in his way, he can continue the ascent to the end.

Think of the transcendent glory and the lofty grandeur of a cultivated mind, raised from the depth of ignorance to a high and commanding position, and then despise if you can cause of intellect, scattered all along in the path of learning where children and youth are pursuing their way, and then say if you can, that it is all vain that so much is said in these days upon the hackneyed subject of popular Education! *Common schools now end forever.*"

New Mechanic Association.

A new Association of Mechanics has been formed in New York. We extract from one of our new exchanges, the "Scientific American," (a most valuable paper, by the way,) the following account of a celebration which the new Order recently had in New York:—

An Order of Mechanics, called the Mechanics Mutual Protection, has been for some days sitting in Convention in this city, and on Thursday evening, the 10th inst., they assembled at Convention Hall, Wooster street, and marched in procession, accompanied by the New York Brass Band, to the Tabernacle, where an Address was delivered by Justus G. Gillespie, of Troy, who is named Grand Protector, and an Oration by Robert Macfarlane, Past Grand Secretary. The address pointed out in strong language, the many great follies of the age—follies into which the working classes were too apt to be led, and which ended in ruin to themselves. The oration was an exposition of the principles and objects of the Order, and it gave us pleasure to hear and to know that, very different from what might be supposed from the name, their objects are to bring together into associations old and young mechanics, employers and employed, and to cultivate a good feeling among them and also encourage a pursuit of knowledge, to get libraries and lectures established, and to get the mechanics themselves to lecture and bring out their practical knowledge, by correct arrangement. It is no combination of workmen against employers—as the majority of the delegates from the western part of the State, were men engaged in business for themselves. They are not even other to get work, and in cases of sickness there is a fund for the benefit of the sufferers. There are seven associations in New York City, and the manner in which the Demonstration was arranged did great credit to them. The delegates to the Convention and the members in the city looked remarkably respectable and neat. There was no great ostentation, but a sober, decent and manly appearance characterized the whole body of the Association, and the speakers had the pleasure of addressing as respectable and large an audience as ever graced the far famed Tabernacle of New York city.

We look with pleasure upon every association which tends to elevate men by a pursuit of moral and intellectual knowledge—by the cultivation of a friendly feeling among mankind generally, and we believe that no class of men have more need to cultivate this feeling than the mechanics.

Fountain Scribblings.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Read that story on the first page, by Mrs. Sigourney. It will repay a perusal.

There are 311 Divisions of our Order in the State of Ohio.

A good old maxim—Prosperity gains friends; adversity tries them.

About 100 newspapers and 50 other periodicals are published in the city of New York alone.

The steamer Cambria brought out a large cargo of valuable dry goods, and \$350,000 in specie.

The Home Journal relates several remarkable cases of persons becoming idiotic from effects of hair dyes.

In Mexico, marriages are celebrated with considerable pomp. The fee to the priest from the lowest class is not less than \$20.

A London paper says that the gun cotton mills at Taversham recently exploded, and killed between forty and fifty persons.

ANNUAL TRADE SALE. The annual New York trade sale of books, stereotype plates and stationery will commence in N. York on Monday, Aug. 30.

It is no place for a Son of Temperance, or a Temperance man of any kind, about the precincts of a grogshop. It is no place for such men.

Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire has already been appointed. It is November 25th.—On hand in season.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of South Carolina, was instituted in Charleston on Thursday evening, 5th inst.

The News-Letter.

What is it but a map of busy life, its fluctuations, and its vast concerns.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1847.

Later from Mexico.

The steamer New Orleans brings Vera Cruz dates to the 7th instant.

There is nothing later received by this arrival from the army at Puebla.

Various rumors had reached Vera Cruz, purporting to be from the city of Mexico; one of these is to the effect that Commissioners had actually been appointed by Santa Anna, to meet Mr. Trist.

The correspondent from Vera Cruz, of the 7th, attaches importance to this rumor.

New York, August 22, 7 o'clock, P. M.

The Herald has despatches, which state that the steamer Kingsland has arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, but brings nothing important. The accounts from Brazos state that Gen. Taylor will move for San Luis Potosi on the 1st of September.

Arrival of the Cambria.

The steamer Cambria, arrived at Boston, on Wednesday morning last. Liverpool papers were received at Boston by her to the 4th inst., and London to the evening of the 3d. The following is a summary of the news by the arrival:—

The Caledonia arrived out on the 28th.

Another attempt had been made to raise the steamer Great Britain, which was only partially successful.

The steamer "Niagara," for the Cunard line, was launched on the 28th.

The European Times says: The uninterrupted fineness of the weather during the last fortnight still holds out the assurance that our harvest of grain will be a full average one. From all quarters of Europe there is also a general concurrent opinion that the yield will be abundant. On the 19th of May the price of best American Flour in Liverpool was 4s. to 4s. 6d. Yesterday a considerable sale took place of the same description of Flour at 2s. to 2s. 6d. The highest market price of best Wheat and Mark-lane on Monday the 2d, when a further reduction again took place of from 8s. to 10s. per quarter below the currency of the previous Monday, was 70s. per quarter.

The Cotton market has been steady since the sailing of the Hibernia, and although prices in the early part of the fortnight gave way about 1-8d. per lb., this decline has been partially recovered since the arrival of the Caledonia.

The state of trade in the manufacturing districts is, on the whole, of a satisfactory character.

Her Majesty prorogued Parliament on the 23d ultimo.

The affairs of Portugal having once more settled down into tranquillity, no events are now occurring to cloud the political atmosphere in Europe, with the exception of the widely extended conspiracy discovered and defeated at Rome, and the threatening state of the Helvetic republic.

Violent shocks of an earthquake have been recently felt in the south of France.

The potato rot is said to have made its appearance with some violence in the French department of Alsace. Also in Flanders and Belgium.

There are no further authentic accounts of the spread of the cholera in the East.

Preparations for emigrating to America are still going on to an unprecedented extent in various parts of Germany.

IRELAND.

An immense number of tenantry have been evicted at Charleville on the Earl of Cork's estate, and it was represented to have been effected under circumstances of considerable harshness. This, however, has been contradicted, and although no acts of cruelty have been perpetrated by the agent, still the eviction of the tenantry seems to have been on a large scale.

The remains of Mr. O'Connell having been brought by way of France to Southampton, were carried by railroad to London, and thence transferred to Chester, where they arrived on Monday evening, and were laid in the Roman Catholic Chapel of that city. Mr. Gardiner of Chester, had received orders to make a new coffin, as that in which the body was encoined, and which was made at Genoa, was of rather common workmanship.

High mass was celebrated in the chapel on Sunday, and in the evening a procession accompanied the remains to the railway station. On Monday the 2d, they were placed on board a steamer specially engaged, and by it conveyed to Dublin. The funeral will take place on the 5th of August.

GREAT CONSPIRACY AT ROME.

A conspiracy against the Papal Government has been discovered at Rome, which was to have taken place on the 17th, the anniversary of the amnesty. Paid agents were to have created an alarm among the multitude assembled on the occasion, and to have thrown daggers at the feet of the soldiers, to induce a belief that it was intended to murder them. Fifty malefactors were to have been let loose from the prisons into the Piazza del Popolo, shortly before the fireworks, in order to occasion confusion.

The popular chief Cicciaccio discovered the whole on the 15th. The people immediately demanded the suspension of the feast, and the Pope having ordered the immediate armament of the National Guard, upwards of 2000 of the most respectable citizens applied to the authorities for arms, and succeeded in maintaining public tranquillity.

Cardinal Ferretti, the new Secretary of State, arrived at Rome on the 16th, and judged with his own eyes of the terror and indignation prevailing in the capital. The people received him with acclamation, and in the evening there was a general illumination. The first act of Cardinal Ferretti was to dismiss and exile Monsignor Grassellini, the Governor of Rome, allowing him only twenty-four hours to quit the city. M. Grassellini opposed no resistance, and instantly set out for Naples.

Colonel Freddi escaped at the moment some National Guards entered his house to arrest him. They found his servants burning papers with so much precipitation that they set on fire the curtains of his bedchamber. Captain Muzzarelli and Bertola were apprehended, and the former would have been murdered by the populace had not Prince Alessandro Torlonia and the Prince Rospiolosi interfered. The brothers Galanti had made their escape. Various other persons had been arrested, and the disclosures of the prisoners, and the papers seized in their possession had already thrown much light on the conspiracy.

FRANCE.

On the 21st ult. the marine storehouse situated at the extremity of the Arsenal of Rochefort was destroyed by explosion. 14 artillerymen and 8 civilians were in the stores at the time of the accident. Two of the artillerymen and civilians escaped.

Mr. Pellapra, one of the confederates of M. Teste, who it will be recollected absconded to Brussels before the trial of his accomplices, has since surrendered himself, and having undergone a formal trial, was declared guilty, and sentenced to civil degradation and a fine of 10,000fr.

The cotton factories in Alleghany City, (says the Pittsburgh Chronicle) have all stopped operations, in consequence of the proprietors attempting to cut down the wages of the operatives. The reason given for the reduction is the fall in yarns.

George Jackson, negro, has been arrested for the murder of Edward Nedson, a Pequot Indian, in Ledyard, Conn. on Sunday, at the house of Betsey Squib, an Indian of the same tribe.

DIARRHOEA. The Summer or Bowel Complaint which may soon be prevalent, can be cured by swallowing half a gill of vinegar with two teaspoonfuls of salt dissolved in it. The first dose is generally sufficient—if not, the second is sure cure. OASIS.

MUSQUITOES. We find a simple receipt given in the papers to drive away mosquitoes. It consists in wetting a piece of flannel or sponge with camphor spirits, and suspending it over the bed, when the mosquitoes, it is said, immediately vanish. It is worth a trial.

The Portland Argus states that Messrs. Barnes & Hall, lumber dealers of that city, not long since, advertised a pocket-book as lost, containing some papers and about \$150. On Monday morning it was found in their back shed with the papers, and the following very cool note enclosed, which is given verbatim:—

"Just 152 dollars will pay this and interest if ever I get able I am now as poor as the man that will bimbeby get me!"

IRON TRADE OF AMERICA. The whole quantity of hammered and rolled iron consumed in the United States in 1830 was 144,666 tons, 31,600 of this was imported, and the value of the whole was about \$5,762,000. 1837, 250,000 tons were manufactured in all the States, and in 1847, it is computed that 350,000 will come short of the amount. Iron is the most valuable of all the metals. It can be melted like water and moulded like plaster of Paris. It can also be welded, a quality possessed only by one other metal in the same manner. Our bridges, our houses, our ships, and our carriages will all yet be made of this metal.

SPUNKY. A woman in Portland, one night last week, went to a rum shop in Exchange street—into which her husband had been enticed and induced to drink, after having been for years a reformed man—and gave to the keeper a specimen of 'sensation,' which was neither 'moral' or 'legal,' but which every one admits to be just. After having seized all the bottles within her reach, and broken them against the floor, she confronted the dealer in 'ale,' and came near smashing his face in like manner, but contented herself with administering a few heavy slaps across his pliz, which made him see stars never discovered by astronomers.

MELANCHOLY. A melancholy event is announced as having occurred recently at Alexandria. Miss English, a young lady who had gone down from Washington, and stopped with her aunt, arose at night under some false pretence, went down to the wharf, and threw herself into the river! Her body was found and conveyed to her weeping friends. It is difficult to assign a reason for the rash act of self murder. The only fact bearing on the question is, that a few months ago, the young man to whom she was said to be pledged in marriage, died in the ordinary course of disease; a certain tender melancholy is said to have been induced by Miss E. since that occurrence, which evidently dashed the ardent hopes of her young existence.

CONSUMPTION OF WOOD BY STEAMERS. The Empire burns on some trips between this port and Buffalo, 700 cords of wood, and it is stated, averages 600 cords. Calculating that she performs thirteen trips, the usual number, during the season, she will consume 234 acres of timber, and employ forty wood choppers, at an expense of over \$10,000. This is but an item of the expenses of this mammoth boat. And notwithstanding the largeness of her expenditure, she cleared, the second season she ran, \$20,000, and the third year, over \$30,500. Some idea may be formed from this, of the profits of vessels engaged in transportation on the Lakes. There are sixteen first class steamboats engaged in the Upper Lake trade.—Chicago Tribune.

HITCHING THE CURSED THING. The New Haven Register gives the following account of an incident on the New Haven and Hartford Road, soon after it went into operation. The train stopped at Meriden to wood up, and a fidgety gentleman, who was probably for the first time in his life in a railroad car, and who held on to his seat with both hands from the moment the cars left Hartford, looking as though he expected every moment to be shook out of the window, suddenly stepped out upon the platform and took a rapid look at the locomotive. 'Any thing the matter?' inquired a wag who had greatly enjoyed the contrivance's perturbation. 'Any thing the matter! I should think there was something the matter, if you ever noticed it! Why, they've stopped right in the middle of the road, and hain't hitched the cursed thing! 'Sposen it should start? he y!'.

NOVEL AND INTERESTING DOCTRINES. A Mr. Van Amringe has laid before the American Ethnological Society, a MS. work, which takes novel grounds and is of curious interest. The 'Literary World' states that in the chapter on the anatomical and physical structure of the different races of men, &c., the doctrine is advanced that the structure and functions of the skin constitute more prominent specific differences than the form and capacity of the cranium! It is argued that the structure of the skin varies in each race, and effects important modifications of the nervous sensibility; that it is primary and fundamental, and gives rise to corresponding specific temperaments and mental capacities. This influence of the skin upon specific character is perhaps the most marked and original feature of the whole work, it is treated largely, as more important than that of the brain. This new philosophy would appear to define what is meant of those who wit is said to be only 'skin deep.' (No allusion to Mr. Van Amringe.) It seems to us, however, that if everything depends upon the skin, an ass in a lion's skin is a good enough lion after all.

Appointments.

The Editor of the Fountain will lecture on Temperance at Hallows Cross Roads, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 31st, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 1st, at Mt. Vernon Village.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 2d, at New Sharon.

On Friday evening, Oct. 3d, at Farmington Falls.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 4th, at Farmington Hill.

We shall be greatly obliged to the friends of the cause who live in the above named places, if they will circulate the notices, and provide respectively, more than that our travelling expenses be paid—and even this will be left wholly optional with those whom we may address. Our only object is to promote the most worthy of causes; and for this purpose, to extend the circulation of our paper.

THE MILLERITES AGAIN. We understand from the Brooklyn Advertiser, that a number of fanatics have recommended the work of spiritual delusion, and with more method than madness are busying themselves in that city and elsewhere, distributing tracts to prove that the end of the world will take place on the 19th of October next. Some of these circulars and documents are said to be very plausibly written, and calculated to mislead the weak-minded as to the truth of the prophecy which they have so boldly advanced.

The Fall Business in New York promises to be very heavy. The hotels appear to be filled from every quarter, and the present aspects all indicate a brisk trade. The city Banks report about ten and the Sub-Treasury two millions of specie—which it is said makes a larger sum than has ever been known before in the city. Money of course is abundant for those who have legitimate means. The business of the Custom House during the last month was also unusually large. Its receipts were 43 per cent. more than in July of last year. The goods imported and entered, exclusive of those sent to the warehouses last month, amounted to \$2,910,030. The exports \$6,637,341. The receipts on the 2d inst. were \$194,461, and the amount of goods entered exceeded \$500,000.—Newark D. Adr.

"COLD WATER FOUNTAIN AND GARDINER NEWS-LETTER." This very excellent Temperance and Family newspaper comes to this week enlarged, and somewhat improved in its typographical appearance. We have all been so much interested in the success of this paper, that we have been induced to enlarge it. It is now a large and handsome sheet, and we hope that its success for the future will be more than doubled. Bro. S. B. WESTON is the Editor, Terms, \$1.50 in advance. Address, H. W. JEWELL, Gardiner, Me.—New York Reflector.

THE COLD WATER FOUNTAIN, an excellent temperance paper, published at Gardiner, Me., has been enlarged and otherwise improved. We hope that the friends of temperance in that State will reward the publisher for his labors and sacrifices by a liberal support.—Lowell Gazette.

Sons of Temperance.

Love, Purity and Fidelity.

Notice.—Temperance Lecture.

P. S. WHITE, Esq., M. W. P. of the National Division of the S. of T., will lecture in this village on Friday evening. The public are respectfully invited to attend. The place of meeting will be notified hereafter by bills.

Excursion of the Sons of Temperance.

An Excursion of the Sons of Temperance to Bath will come off on Monday next. The steamer Charles Oak has been chartered for the occasion. A fine time may be anticipated. This much we are authorized to state. Tickets will be afforded at a low price.

The charter of Livingston Division, No. 43, located at Richmond, has been surrendered. We regret exceedingly at this. Did the discouraging circumstances by which the Division was surrounded, fully justify the abandonment of the effort to sustain a Division of our Order there?

OFFICERS OF DIVISIONS.

Omnia, No. 10, (Omnia.) E. W. Stenson, W. P.; Tho's McMillan, W. A.; W. S. Sturges, R. S.; A. B. Shaw, A. R. S.; S. B. Cook, F. S.; Wm. Burton, T. M.; Powers, C.; Levi Miller, A. C.; John Winter, I. S.; John Crowell, O. S.

Bagaduce, No. 28, (Castine.) Charles A. Stevens, W. P.; Samuel M. Roby, W. A.; Enock Bridges, R. S.; T. E. Hale, A. R. S.; James J. Peavey, F. S.; Jos. Surry, F. S.; Edw'd A. Lawrence, C.; Geo. Perkins, A. C.; Mason H. Wilder, I. S.; Lewis Brewster, O. S.

Corinna, No. 36, (Corinna Centre.) Robert Knowles, W. P.; David Steward, W. A.; John Winchester, R. S.; Benj. G. Murch, A. R. S.; Benj. W. Shaw, F. S.; John W. Gilmore, T.; Elam P. Durill, C.; James B. Currier, A. C.; Oliver Brooks, I. S.; Lowell Knowles, O. S.; W. S. Allen, P. W. P.; Wm. H. Ireland, Chaplain.

Somerset, No. 39, (Kendall's Mills.) John A. Bradbury, W. P.; Oliver Bradbury, W. A.; Charles S. Wyman, R. S.; Simon G. Bradbury, A. R. S.; Joshua Nye, Jr., F. S.; Bowdoin Connor, T.; Samuel Emery, 2d, C.; Allen S. Banks, A. C.; Joseph F. Nye, I. S.; Geo. B. Emery, O. S.; Rev. Joshua Nye, Chaplain.

Dennys River, No. 70, (Dennysville.) Samuel L. Jones, W. P.; Rev. Josiah H. Stearns, W. A. and Chaplain; P. E. Vose, R. S.; Stephen H. Jones, A. R. S.; Benjamin Kilby, F. S.; John Kilby, T.; A. L. R. Gardiner, C.; Allen Kilby, A. C.; A. G. Bunker, I. S.; John Hughes Jr., O. S.; Theodore Lincoln, Jr., P. W. P.

Nelson, No. 79, (Seaboard.) O. Strout, W. P.; G. N. White, W. A.; A. Woodman, R. S.; J. T. Averill, A. R. S.; J. Woodman, F. S.; J. B. Newell, T.; H. Ring, C.; L. Stone, A. C.; B. Brown, I. S.; J. H. Tob, O. S.

Has the Great Author of Nature provided us with no remedy for Consumption and the diseases leading thereto, which are fearfully common to our country? Has He left us to find relief from the fatal scourge by ransacking every kind of antidotes to the disease? No! He has provided a remedy ready at our hand. The Wild Cherry and Pine furnish with a cure, where a cure is possible. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, formed by chemical extracts from Wild Cherry bark and tar, relieves all cases of consumption, and effectually cures it where it has not progressed so far as to be beyond cure—subdues the most inveterate cases of the Asthma, even 20 or 40 years standing—stops rising of blood, after all other remedies fail—and removes every kind of affection of the Lungs and Liver which our climate induces. The remarkable efficacy of this wonderful medicine, in many diseases hitherto deemed incurable, has excited among our physicians great curiosity as to the precise nature of its ingredients. Let purchasers beware of imitation and counterfeits.

None genuine unless signed L. BUTTS on the wrapper. For sale in Gardiner by G. M. ATWOOD. 3w4

THE MARKETS.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Aug. 19, 1847.

At market—600 Beef Cattle, 175 Steers, 3000 Sheep, and 1025 Swine. Several lots of Beef and Stores sold.

Prices.—Beef Cattle—A very small number of Extra at \$7; first quality, \$6.25 to \$6.50; second, 6; third, 4.50 to 5.25.

Working Oxen—Sales at \$72, 80 and 92.

Cows and Calves—Sales at \$22, 25, 28, 35.

Sheep—Small lots from \$1.62 to 2 and 2.50.

Swine—Small lots from \$1.25 to 1.50 and 1.62; 1-2; old Hogs at 53-4, 5 and 61-4. At retail, from 6 to 7 1-2.

NEW YORK MARKET.—Aug. 21.

Flour—Sales of flour moderate at previous prices.—Genesee, \$5 75 to \$11 12; Western, \$5 50 to \$8 3-4. Corn is in demand. Sales of mixed at 75 to 76 cts, and prime yellow at 80 cts per bushel.

Wheat—Sales of wheat moderate at 85 to 86 cts per bushel. The cotton market is heavy, and there are no transactions to report.

But little doing in pork.

The market for coal is firm.

Stocks—Sales of Norwich and Worcester at 58 1-4; Reading 62 1-2; East Boston Co. 24 1-4 (sales 700 shares); Long Island 32 1-2; Treasury Notes, 103 1-4. For Reading bonds of 1850, 75 offered; and for Reading mortgage bonds 73 asked.

Marriages.

"I tell thee there is no power To part us—till in death."

In Albany, N. Y., 4th inst., Dr. U. T. Ling, of N. York (but formerly of Portland), to Miss Emily L. Harmon, of Albany.

In Hallowell, 12th inst., by Rev. Mr. Eli Thurston, Mr. Edw. H. C. Hooper, of Biddeford, to Miss Elizabeth White, of Hallowell.

In Waterville, 11th inst., by Rev. C. G. Porter, Horatio Cushing, Esq., of Skowhegan, to Miss Martha A. Wheeler, of Waterville.

Deaths.

"Why'er the virtuous dead should mourners weep? The virtuous never truly die—they sleep."

In New Orleans, on Thursday, July 29th, Mrs. Sophronia Lewis, wife of Thomas Lewis, formerly of this town, aged 34 years.

In Saco, 13th inst., very suddenly, Mr. Samuel Cole, aged 58 years.

In Philadelphia, 12th inst., Mr. John Carlton, Sailing master in U. S. Navy—a native of Portland, aged 77 years.

He was attached to the Constitution, under Com. Hull, at the taking of the Guerrero, Aug. 19, 1812; and under Com. Bainbridge, at the capture of the Java, on the 28th of December, in the same year.

MR. EDITOR.—As there have been so many false reports about the death of Mrs. Jordan late of this town, who died about nine days after confinement—such as the following, "The Thomsons killed her"—"Her death was caused by a Thompsonian woman, who was with her when she was confined"—"Dr. Morton killed her"—&c.,—I want to make a few statements of facts in the Fountain, to set the public mind right in this case.

One Sunday morning in July last, I received from Mr. Jordan a note, stating that his wife was sick, and that he wished my wife to come and see her.

I went to see her, and found her in a very bad state of mind, and she was very nervous, and would not take the responsibility. He then said he would send for me, when necessary; but Mrs. Jordan was not very sick, and they got along without any Doctor. She was very smart after being put to bed, and continued so until Friday following; her mind, however, I thought all the while, was under the treatment at the time of confinement. I was informed by her husband that on Friday she sat up most of the day, and wrote a letter to her friends. The night following, her head began to ache, and grew worse until Saturday evening, when he gave her a very light emetic, which served to ease her head, and she rested all night, but did not appear very well the next morning.—(Sunday) Mrs. Jordan's mother (who was taking care of her) wished to have Doctor Palmer called, although it was much against Mr. Jordan's will; he wanted to have me called, but gave way to the wishes of his wife's mother, and called Dr. P. She still grew worse, and about 5 o'clock P. M. the same day, Mr. Jordan came to me, and said, "I want to see her; I am partly in a large state—the appearance very much as I have seen people who die under the influence of opium. But mark—I do not say that she was under the influence of opium. She was under Dr. Palmer's treatment, and her mother said that she was satisfied with Dr. Palmer, and I had no disposition to interfere in the case, although I thought I could have helped her, but she had no reason to alter my opinion since—both came away without doing, or leaving, anything for her. The next day, about the same hour, I was sent for again in great haste. I went again, but found the Doctor there, doing as I suppose the best he could. She was much worse. I stopped fifteen or twenty minutes, and then came away without doing anything for her, although Mr. Jordan urged me very hard to do something for her. I told him that Doctor P. had not abandoned the case, and I then thought there was but a very small chance for her under any treatment, as she then appeared. I did not then, or at any previous time, give or deal out any medicine, either, or do any thing for her in a manner whatever. I do not wish to have the name of killing her, P.'s or any other physician's patients; it is enough for me to have the name of killing my own patients, when I happen to lose one. I will take this opportunity to say that I never did lose either mother or child under such or similar circumstances, nor either in confinement.

5 BRYANT MORTON, M. D.

YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE OF SELF IMPROVEMENT.

Combining Literary Entertainment and Instruction with an effort to promote the union of thorough Self-Improvement with every department of Industry. Edited by G. W. LIGHT.

THE publisher of this work, designed to assist in elevating the public taste, instead of catering for the too prevalent appetite for vicious and foolish reading, knew that he could not succeed in his undertaking without bringing to his aid an extensive diversity as well as high order of talent; that, with the solid and sensible, must be blended spirit, wit, beauty and grace. Four numbers have been published, each of which has been widely and favorably received from the press and the community. They contain original papers by the Editors, J. R. Lowell, E. P. Whipple, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, H. T. Tuckerman, Horace Greeley, D. H. Everett, S. Andrews, I. F. Shepard, and Wendell Phillips, together with selections from the best of the best writers, Original Criticisms, Miscellaneous Notes, &c. The friends of a healthy literature are earnestly requested to give it their patronage.

Published monthly. Price \$1.20 per annum, in advance. Where more than one copy is taken, a proper discount will be made.

Subscriptions will be received for the above valuable work by S. B. WESTON, General Agent for Maine. Address—Cold Water Fountain Office, Gardiner, Me. 5

DR. MORTON keeps constantly on hand DR. CHAPMAN'S Abdominal Supporters and Shoulder Braces.

Also, a prime assortment of Syringes, all of which he offers for sale at the lowest prices. 5

STONE WARE FOR DAIRY PURPOSES.

FEW of our farmers are aware of all the advantages of using Stone Ware in the management of the Dairy. It being made of peculiar kinds of clay, which by the action of a powerful heat is converted into stone, should be sufficient to recommend it to every one who has the care of milk. It is well known that the common brown earthen ware so much in use is glazed with lead, which will corrode when used with milk, and as cream is very liable to become sour in warm weather, the oxygen that it inhales from the atmosphere, which makes it sour, must in some degree act upon the lead of the glazed pot and form the oxide of lead, and render it not only disagreeable to the taste, but very unwholesome. The stone pot, being entirely free from all substances of this kind, and in a high degree a non-conductor, keeps the cream cool and in a pure and sweet state much longer than the glazed pot or a wooden vessel. And for the purpose of packing down Butter, the stone pot will preserve every part of it sweet and pure, while the glazed pot or wooden firkin imparts to that portion of the mass which comes in contact with them, a disagreeable flavor. For the same reasons the stone churn, for those who have but few cows, is far superior to the old fashioned article.—No one can properly appreciate the difference between stone and earthen ware for these purposes until they have tried them.

The Stone Ware Factory in Gardiner is located near the extensive Hard and Crockery Ware Store of H. F. DAY & Co., and conducted by the subscriber, who will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of every description of the above named Ware, at wholesale and retail, on as favorable terms as at any other establishment of the kind in this country. Orders from the country respectfully solicited, and Ware safely packed to suit at short notice.

2 ROBERT THOMPSON.

Gardiner Bank Notice.

THE Stockholders of the Gardiner Bank are hereby notified to meet at their Banking House, in Gardiner, on MONDAY, the 30th day of August, instant, at 2 o'clock P. M., to see what measures they will adopt in relation to removing from their present Banking House, disposing of the same, by sale or otherwise; and procuring another. By order of the Directors. JOSEPH ADAMS, Cashier.

Gardiner, Aug. 10th, 1847.

Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, &c.

18 HIDS. Molasses: 8 boxes H. B. Sugar; 18 bags Coffee; 100 bags Salt; 35 packages Bacon; 4 boxes Tobacco—For sale by JOHN DENNIS.



Foster's Mountain Compound

SEEMS to be the ONLY article for the Hair in which the public has placed implicit confidence. Its "powerful tonic" and peculiar efficacy in the reproduction of the hair, aside from its virtues in giving richness and a lasting moisture to the scalp, and giving it the appearance of youth with both Ladies and Gentlemen over every other article heretofore invented for the toilet.

In first bringing this Compound before the public, the proprietor rejected all substances or agents drying, heating or detaching the hair, and labored assiduously to combine in it those medicinal materials which his thorough experience for many years has tested, and which many medical gentlemen have pronounced the most tonic, medical and effective in the preservation and reproduction of the Hair.

After surmounting many difficulties he has been successful in making this Compound highly useful and advantageous to all persons, by combining in it two intrinsic qualities, the power of restoration of wasted vitality to the scalp of the head; and secondly to its concomitant appendage THE HAIR preservation and strength to the roots, and to its texture beauty, richness, and a lasting moisture. HENCE ITS INVALUABLENESS FOR LADIES' DRESSING. Dandruff, too, that malicious excrescence, is speedily dissipated by the use of this Compound.

Many flattering approvals of this Compound have been given by men of distinguished worth. In a letter from Dr. Saml. Noyes of New Haven, Conn., he says "I think it is the best preparation for the hair that I have seen, and shall recommend it as such."

Mr. A. L. Brooks, of Lowell, Mass., gives it as his opinion after using it in his family for some time, that it is the best preparation for the hair ever got out in this section of the country.

3-4 PURCHASERS MUST ALWAYS ASK FOR FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND. 3w5

Sold by G. M. ATWOOD, Gardiner.

HEALTH INSURANCE.

THE subscriber gives notice, that he has received the appointment of Agent of the Massachusetts Health Insurance Company, and now offers to the public his services in that capacity.

This company proposes to insure the health of persons between the ages of 20 and 65 inclusive, at the lowest rates consistent with its permanency, and for a term of from one to five years, as may be desired by the assured. It is located in the city of Boston, with a capital of 50,000 dollars, and a Board of officers, whose character at once secures to it the confidence of the public.

